NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 11, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Coming Economic Crisis

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Red Churches in China

RODNEY GILBERT

The Smile on Stassen's Face

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · FRANK S. MEYER

RUSSELL KIRK · JAMES BURNHAM · F. R. BUCKLEY

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

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For the Record

The big fight at the Democratic national convention, it now appears, will be over the number two spot. Here's how the Democratic possibilities for the Vice-Presidency stack up. Mayor Robert Wagner: a New Yorker, labor wants him, he is a Catholic. Senator Estes Kefauver: he has a fervent but not dominating following. Senator Humphrey of Minnesota: perhaps too close geographically to Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. Governor Lausche: a Catholic. Senator John Kennedy: a Catholic. Governor Clement of Kentucky: little known outside his own state, politically, he belongs to the Southern conservative wing of the party, a fact which would alienate the leaders of the Northern wing. . . . On July 25 the struggle for the right to work without joining and paying tribute to a labor union met with another reverse. The Texas Supreme Court, having refused to act in the case of Sandsberry et al. v. the operating railway unions until the Supreme Court had decided the Hanson case (NATIONAL REVIEW, June 13), handed down a decision upholding the union shop. Three associate justices dissented. . . . Harold Stassen was introduced at a National Press Club luncheon the other day as "the only man who ever got a license from the President of the United States to go hunting for the Vice-President for thirty days.". . . In the two years since the publication of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission, the average senator has received from his constituents a total of eighteen letters, half of them for adoption, half of them against. At stake: five and one-half billion dollars per year. . . . Before adjourning, Congress served notice on the Administration, the nation and the world that it is unalterably opposed to the admission of Red China into the United Nations. Votes against UN representation for the Peiping regime were 391 to 0 in the House; 86 to 0 in the Senate.

The Agriculture Department reports that over 8,000,000 acres of crop lands will be retired this year under the soil bank program. The estimated cost is 165 million dollars. . . . The consumer price index for June was the highest on record. It reached 116.2, up .8 over May. The Federal Reserve Board meanwhile reported that about 63 per cent of American families have debts of some kind. And of these, 45 per cent make regular installment payments. . . . Any increase in Suez Canal tolls can be expected to affect rubber, tin and manganese prices in this country. Nearly 90 per cent of the natural rubber used in American industry, 60 per cent of the tin, and 35 per cent of the manganese, comes through the Suez Canal.

In the excitement over the question whether Iceland's newly elected government would demand the withdrawal of U.S. forces (it has) an important fact has been overlooked: Iceland is the first country, since Geneva, to form a "popular front" government. A coalition of Progressives, Left-Wing Socialists and Communists now rules the country.

The Trade Union movement in Great Britain was shaken by the failure of the recent strike against the British Motor Company. More than half of the 55,000 workers involved refused to obey an order to strike in protest against the dismissal of 6,000 workers. . . . Modern sociology may find it hard to explain recent figures on juvenile delinquency in West Germany. In 1955, the most prosperous year West Germany has seen, there were half again as many cases of juvenile delinquency as in the lean years immediately following World War Two.

Tourists are torn by the choices open to them in a Brussels coffee house: "Coffee— 5 francs; good coffee—6 francs; very good coffee—7 francs; this is coffee—7½ francs." . . . Circuit Riders, Incorporated, an organization of anti-Socialist and anti-Communist Methodist laymen, has just brought out a pamphlet listing the Communist-front activities of 2,109 Methodist ministers. "There is no doubt many of these people were innocently duped, deceived, or exploited," the covering memorandum explains, "but there is also little doubt others seem to have made a career out of being duped, deceived or exploited." Copies are available at $1.00 —18 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. . . . The Denver Post, in an editorial entitled "Time to Retire the Red Hunters," advocates the elimination of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. . . . Asked his opinion a few weeks ago about "right to work" laws, Mr. Henry Ford II said he had never heard of such laws, what were they?

[Until November, Mr. Sam Jones will suspend his column "From Washington Straight" in order to file additional copy with us on political contests throughout the country.]

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The WEEK

● It is the opinion of a number of experienced observers in Washington that the President's ambiguity in answering, last week, the question relating to the political future of Mr. Nixon can only mean, in context of the Stassen venture, the beginning of a rapid campaign to kill Nixon off. The President's insistence that it is improper for him to dictate a course of action to the Convention cannot any longer bail him out. For it would not affront the most sensitive delegate had he said, "It is up to the Convention who will be nominated for Vice President, just as it is up to the Convention to decide who will be nominated for President. My own feelings—and it would be coy to suggest that they are irrelevant—is that he is the outstanding contender. Certainly if the choice were mine to make, I would pick him." The President has not yet talked that way.

● The rhetoric used by the House Government Information Subcommittee in its report on the Executive's "paper curtain" suggests a healthy impatience with the bureaucratic notion that "we the officials, not you, the people, will determine how much you are to be told about your own government." The committee branded such a notion as a "psychosis," no less, and bared its teeth by promising appropriate legislation, through stressing that the people's best defense against "arbitrarily, unreasonably denied information is through publicity and at the polls." There are, unfortunately, grounds for cynicism even in spite of the sentiment and language: It is easy to recall that the same Republican congressmen who railed against the security news "Blackout Order" instituted in 1948, under Mr. Truman, have coexisted happily with it in the past four years under Mr. Eisenhower, particularly when it came in useful in the operation against Senator McCarthy.

● A three-year study of Soviet defectors, conducted by Harvard University's Russian Institute and financed by several million Air Force dollars, has come up with conclusions that will no doubt be of great help to the Pentagon and the State Department. It is proved, for example, that Russians who escape to the West do not like the regime at home. Moreover, it is conclusively demonstrated that defecting collective farmers are opposed to collective farms. In summing up their results, Professors Kluckhohn, Inkeles and Bauer, who ran the project, go so far as to suggest that the Soviet regime would be more popular with its sub-

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jects if it treated them better. Clearly, there is some pretty daring speculation going on these days in academic circles.

● The Republican voters of the 27th New York District last June nominated staunchly-conservative Representative Ralph Gwinn for re-election, rejecting his New Dealing opponent, Christian Armbruster. Now Mr. Armbruster announces that he will run as an independent candidate in the fall, which means that he is prepared to deliver the 27th District to a Democrat, rather than see Mr. Gwinn go back for another term. Third-party activity of this character has met with heated denunciation in the past (witness the consignment of Miss Vivien Kellems to Coventry when she did it); we look for the same denunciation from the same people.

● The chronic, and worsening, housing shortage in France, a recent *New York Herald Tribune* article announces, can be blamed on poor planning, antiquated construction methods, inflated prices, shortsightedness and bureaucratic ineptitude—of all of which France is certainly guilty. But for all their comprehensiveness, critics continually fail to put the finger on the root-cause of the crisis in the French housing industry. The trouble is strictly enforced rent controls —imposed during the first world war, and never repealed. The controls make it economically impossible to build low-rental housing profitably. The only motive for building low-rental houses in France today is philanthropy, a quality in as short supply in France as the houses themselves.

● Miss Barbara Ward, England's challenger for Eleanor Roosevelt's travel record and the *New York Times*' favorite female economist, tells us via that journal's Sunday magazine how to foil the dark plots of the Kremlin. Increased foreign aid, of course. But with a new twist, something really special: "Much of Western aid should now be channeled through the United Nations." This, confides Miss Ward, "is genuinely a new approach, a 'new policy,' a restoration of initiative to the Atlantic world." Such a move would have the effect of challenging the Kremlin "to relinquish its sovereign control over all its independent military force, including the bomb." The next thing you know, Miss Ward will be offered a professorship at Harvard and a seat on the board of directors of the Ford Foundation.

● Mrs. Roosevelt's statement several years ago that she would "never cross any picket line," stood for years as the highest monument to contemporary anti-rationalism. But now she has come through with a rival. "I was shocked," she writes, "to hear not long ago that in one of our schools some older boys beat up their teacher." The explanation? "When this happens, you can be sure that the blame does not lie with the young people. Somehow or other such a teacher failed to build up the respect and interest of her pupils and did not arouse a feeling in the children that she could be trusted and could understand things which perhaps the youngsters would not even talk about at home." Whatever happened to the suggestion that, her residence having been ascertained beyond peradventure, patriotic citizens institute a 24-hour picket line around Hyde Park?

Earthquake at Suez

The decline of Western prestige has never been more starkly pointed than by Gamal Abdel Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Company. This strutting fanatic—dictator over a country of 20,000,000 diseased and starving illiterates who support a few hundred thousand soldiers, bureaucrats, landlords and grafters, a country that seven years ago was whipped to its knees by a handful of bold Jews—not merely dared to hijack one of the world's great strategic prizes but, as if to stress the symbolic meaning of his act, flung vile language at the rightful owners.

There is no reason to be surprised. The seizure of the Canal Company was the logical consequence of what had gone before. If the British Raj withdraws from India, why should it stand at Suez? If the mad Mossadegh can nationalize the Abadan refinery, why cannot the fanatic Nasser nationalize the Suez Company? If Britain withdraws her troops from the Suez bases, will scraps of paper keep Egyptian soldiers, prodded by Moscow's agents, from moving in?

It is not from a material weakness that the West suffers, but from a moral collapse—a defect of will. No guns forced Britain out of India. She left of her own accord, out of some fatal feeling of guilt, no longer confident of herself or of the values and mission of her Christian civilization. No guns forced her troops out of Suez. They merely left, because she and her allies (we most prominent among them) have forgotten the realistic wisdom of her ancestors who, as bearers of our common civilization, planted themselves astride the great crossroads of the world and had the faith to guard them well.

Through the Suez Canal flow yearly a hundred million tons of shipping. This canal is the chain that links the Middle East (with the world's primary oil reserve) to the West instead of to a Soviet-dominated Heartland. And the Suez isthmus is a key post guarding the land bridge between Asia and Africa, across which, if in alien hands, the Communist front can freely advance.

Nasser's act is brigandage. It is nonsense when he

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pretends that the revenues from the canal will pay for the Aswan Dam. In the form of taxes and fees, Egypt has been getting half the gross profits. The additional sums would not pay for the Aswan Dam in scores of years—even disregarding compensation for the stockholders, expenditures for maintenance, and the fact that Egypt does not have the men or the skills to operate the Suez Canal *or* build the Aswan Dam.

There is now no easy or single solution. What is called for is not a sudden dramatic move but a reversal of historic direction—a reversal in which a single move would be only a first and probably halting step. To permit Nasser to proceed would mean to place the isthmus strategically at his mercy and to set a precedent for world-wide repudiation of any treaty, or other contractual obligation, on any excuse or whim.

The essence of any serious move is the guarantee of Western control (in particular, Anglo-French-American control) over the Suez Canal and isthmus. The only real guarantee of such control is military force: the willingness to use military force and, if necessary, its actual use. If it became clear that this was the Western decision, then Nasser's balloon would collapse quickly enough, perhaps pricked by his own followers.

This would be the only serious move; but it is not the most probable. What at the moment seems in the works is a settlement providing a suicidal combination of the two worst alternatives: the juridicial acceptance (i.e., legitimization) of the seizure, plus some kind of international board on which Moscow—the real threat to the Middle East, compared to which Nasser is a rag—would be given a major place and voice.

A Successful Containment

The performance of a Congress representing a country so large, varied and dynamic as ours would be sure to draw at best a mixed verdict from even the most favorably disposed critics. It is disappointing that the 2nd Session of the 84th Congress, just concluded, yielded to collectivism on road building, agriculture, housing and social security. But it is reassuring that the same Congress stood remarkably firm on an exposed and important front.

In the United States, "public power" has long been a seductive cry around which collectivists have been able to rally legions of naive citizens who are deceived into believing that government ownership of electric utilities can, magically, give them something for nothing. During the past session, the collectivists launched four attacks in this public power sector. They had four specific objectives: 1) government construction of nuclear power plants; 2) government construction of a huge Hell's Canyon dam in place of the already begun Idaho Power Co. dam complex; 3) government construction of the Frying Pan River water diversion and irrigation project in Colorado; 4) New York State development of Niagara power.

By tight maneuvering and narrow margins, all four attacks were beaten back by the 84th Congress. A perfect record. These are only skirmishes, of course, in the permanent war of statism against individual liberty, but they are skirmishes won. The immediate struggle now shifts to the states, in particular to Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, New York. The local results in November will largely determine whether the 85th Congress will sustain the record of its predecessor.

What Steel Strike?

In June we expressed a doubt that there would be a steel strike this year. We were wrong. Yet—surrealistically—the question can be asked, *Was* there a steel strike?

According to the books, a "strike" is "labor's ultimate weapon," a form of class warfare by which an organized body of workers attempts to compel employers to give what they will not give by negotiation. Strikes, the old books say, are harsh affairs, frequently accompanied by violence and leading by their very nature to lost profits on one side and economic hardship, even hunger and cold, on the other.

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We saw nothing even remotely along those lines during July. A major industry closed down in an orderly manner, and had a lull in which to handle repairs and maintenance and to correct unbalanced inventories. Six hundred thousand cheerful Americans took a month's, instead of two or three weeks', vacation in the pleasantest time of summer. A handsome, well dressed, highly paid man named McDonald was driven daily in a black Cadillac from a $65-a-day hotel suite to talk in another hotel room to another well dressed, highly paid man named Stephens. Everything, even the rhetoric of the public exchanges, was marvelously genteel.

As the end of the month rolled around, the documents were signed, the plant gates reopened, and the six hundred thousand went back to work, cheerful as ever. If that was a "strike," we have entered on a new age.

Somehow the whole affair had a somewhat staged appearance, like a televised Cabinet meeting produced by Robert Montgomery. Is it possible that this strike in the modern, automated mode was an instance rather of class collusion than of class warfare? That both sides felt this to be the most suitable means whereby to further their complementing ends? Did David McDonald want to show his members that "union discipline" and lavishly kept union leaders are the secret of big wage increases? Did John Stephens and the rest of management want to prove to government and the public that, when steel prices are jacked up, management is not to blame? Did both wash their hands of public responsibility for the inevitable inflationary effect of the combined wage and price increase?

Admiral Harry Dexter White

A new chapter in the serial biography of the late Harry Dexter White, quondam Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U.S. Director of the International Monetary Fund, and Soviet agent, has just been published. To his accomplishments in spying, international finance, and German reconstruction, has been added the story of his 1940-41 fling at naval strategy. In that period Harry White proposed that the bulk of the U.S. Pacific Fleet should be shifted to the Atlantic.

Just why he—or those whose interests he was serving—so wished is not fully clear, though the answer may be given by the China papers announced for early publication. But it is still more puzzling that White, a Treasury official, should have had anything at all to say on such a matter as naval strategy; and it is incredible—though true just the same—that the Pentagon, State Department and White House apparently took his advice so seriously that it just missed acceptance.

Why So Certain?

Slowly—much too slowly, perhaps—NATIONAL REVIEW is becoming interested in the question, Who (if anyone) killed Jesus Galindez of Columbia University? Mr. Galindez disappeared from New York in March of this year and has not been seen since. Dr. Galindez (he has been posthumously—or, in any case, *in absentia*—doctored) was altogether a mysterious figure, deeply involved in a number of controversies of the kind that call forth passionate commitments. He was emphatically anti-Franco. In the cause of a free Basque state (of all things) he is said to have collected the sum of one million dollars—an incredible feat in a country unaware that Basque independence ever gets out of the fairybook. And then Dr. Galindez was emphatically opposed to Generalissimo Trujillo of the Dominican Republic.

The universally accepted explanation of Dr. Galindez' disappearance is that a hatchet man of Dictator Trujillo did him in. Not, evidently, to prevent the appearance of his Ph.D. thesis on the *Era of Trujillo,* for the work had been completed and was at the publishers; but as an act of vindictiveness and, perhaps, as a warning to others who feel the lure of anti-Trujillo agitation.

That explanation is certainly tenable, and even plausible. But a number of unsettling questions remain unanswered:

1. What happened to all the money Dr. Galindez is said to have collected for the Basques? Why is there such confusion as to its disposition? And who actually has that kind of dough for that kind of thing? 2. Is it not a fact that Dr. Galindez was keeping company with a number of Communists and pro-Communists; and is it therefore possible that that particular involvement figures in his disappearance? 3. If Trujillo kidnapped him, why did he choose so obviously inopportune a moment to do so?

What pricks the curiosity, beyond the most obvious fact that an active human being has unaccountably disappeared, and may be the victim of violence, is the almost ghoulish certitude with which the entire Liberal press has jumped to presume Trujillo guilty. Anyone else's concluding that, let us say, a man who has joined twenty Communist fronts is pro-Communist, horrifies them. Yet they find with finality that the pattern of other activities of the Trujillo regime must mean that it is guilty of this particular crime too. Guided exclusively by the impulses of inherent logic—a practice forbidden to other men if it leads them to pass judgment on Communists or union goons —they have indicted, condemned, and executed Trujillo for this crime without evidence that he committed it.

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Recently, defending the holy cause of Trujillo's guilt against all challengers, Mr. Norman Thomas indulged in a spectacular piece of circular reasoning. Obviously Trujillo is guilty, he wrote in the *New York Times*, for "besides Galindez' own reference to threats we have *the specific fact* that his is the fifth 'liquidation,' three by certain assassination, of Trujillo's enemies in the United States and Cuba." *I.e.*, it being a specific fact that Galindez was murdered by Trujillo, it *is* a specific fact.

We arrive at no conclusions in this case. How can one? The question is, Why do Mr. Norman Thomas—and the *New York Times*, and the *Columbia Spectator*, and Senator Lehman, and Marquis Childs and the whole mess of them—move so swiftly to identify the unknown assailant in a case where even the existence of an assailant is in question? And particularly when they are accustomed to adhering so fastidiously to the doctrine of the presumption of innocence when other questions are posed—such as, Who threw acid in Victor Riesel's face?

NATIONAL REVIEW hopes to have the opportunity to look into the matter in greater detail. But if one morning the world wakes up to find us missing, we urge our readers *not* to lay the blame on Norman Thomas, notwithstanding *the specific fact* of our absence.

Won't Talk

Mr. Kenneth D. Robertson, Jr. of Boston has come close to attaining the status of a professional gadfly. He carries on a pertinacious correspondence with almost anyone whose acts he finds perplexing—which is to say with very many people indeed these days—and he goes at them so doggedly as to make even the most urbane of them end up screaming with rage. A year or two ago Mr. Robertson so tantalized the imperturbable Mr. Joseph Alsop—who happens to be his cousin—as to cause Alsop to brand him, in a foaming-at-the-mouth type letter, "obviously disloyal to everything America stands for."

Most recently, Mr. Robertson entered into correspondence with no less a lion than Federal District Judge Charles E. Wyzanski of Boston, chairman of the Harvard Board of Overseers, and Lord of virtually everything he surveys. Mr. Robertson's letters were an attempt to discern the reasoning behind the appointment of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer as lecturer on William James at Harvard. His Honor skirted the issue the first few rounds, invoking a Fifth Amendment of sorts which evidently protects a member of the Board of Overseers (described by Dr. Nathan Pusey as the board "which directly represents alumni interests in the policies of the university") from having to discuss the policies of the university with alumni.

But Robertson would not let go, and finally, with manifest exasperation, Judge Wyzanski wrote that Yes, he did approve the appointment and, what's more, he was sure William James (RIP) would also have approved it. Robertson wrote to another member of the Board, our Ambassador to Moscow, Mr. Charles Bohlen, who said that he too approved the appointment. At this point, Mr. Robertson announced his intention to circularize his correspondence, whereupon the Judge shot back with a steely injunction: "Pursuant to Massachusetts law in Baker v. Libbey, I warn you that I have the literary property in my own letters."

Judge Wyzanski has led a very crowded life since he was appointed to the federal bench by Mr. Roosevelt. This included testimony, on two separate occasions before two courts, as to the good character and reliability of Alger Hiss. Along with the *Chicago Tribune*, "we do not know whether the judge also reserves the literary property in *that* testimony." But we do wonder why such prominent and powerful men as Mr. Alsop and Mr. Wyzanski feel they have to terminate discussions with Mr. Robertson by calling him a traitor or reminding him what Baker said to Libbey in a totally irrelevant situation. Why don't they just explain, and defend, their activities and be done with it?

The Silence of Dr. Johnson

In a recent issue of the newsletter *Features and News from Behind the Iron Curtain* (published in London), the Very Reverend Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, is asked whether in the light of recent developments he is disposed to refine a comparison he drew in his book, *Soviet Success*.

Dr. Johnson was describing preparations for a meeting with Stalin. "Three weeks before our meeting," he wrote, "I had made a pilgrimage to Georgia, the scene of Stalin's boyhood and youth. In Gori, his birthplace, my mind instinctively ran back to the domed church, rising high in a hot Italian plain, within which stands another and smaller church—a shrine linked with the memory of Francis of Assisi. Within its panoply of marble, in this highland village street of Gori in Georgia, stands the miniature room where Stalin was born of pious parentage. For seven centuries, Assisi has drawn its pilgrims. Maybe for seven centuries Gori will draw pilgrims of a later day . . . for [Stalin is] . . . bound to leave deep and lasting impress on the course of human history, and the world honours the humble beginnings of its benefactors."

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Smile on Stassen's Face

Only Harold Stassen seems to dissent from the general feeling in Washington that he threw a boomerang at the Vice President. Notwithstanding, your correspondent believes that Mr. Stassen has excellent reasons for being pleased with himself. True, he has done little to hurt Nixon's chances of renomination—he has probably helped them. But Stassen well knew, when he made his move, that the possibilities of diverting Len Hall's well-oiled machine were remote. He also knew that the occasion would never be better for trying to seize the leadership of that segment of the Republican Party which, despite its temporary setback on the Nixon issue, has the inside run in future power struggles.

A major consequence of the "cult of personality," and one which certainly has not been lost on Harold Stassen, is that there is no apparent heir to the leadership of "Eisenhower Republicanism." And since Eisenhower Republicanism, by the consensus of educated opinion, has no mean future ahead of it, the heir apparency is a most coveted status. Especially when the court is anxious about the health of the king.

Ordinarily, a cult of personality does not permit consideration of a potential heir. This is distracting, and therefore subversive of the cult's function. Such a cult is designed to advance the views of its promoters by making any dissent appear to be an assault on an unassailable personality. When the cult is accomplishing what it is meant to accomplish, it needs and can use only one voice—that of the leader. Under ordinary circumstances, then, the emergence of a second personality implies a rivalry with the No. 1; a No. 2 pokes his head up at the very grave risk of getting it cut off.

Harold Stassen was shrewd enough to see that these were not ordinary circumstances. On the issue of Nixon, the cult was not accomplishing what it was meant to accomplish; worse still, the monster had been turned against its creators in the very battle which its creators had most counted on winning. An anti-Nixon sigh from "the personality" was all that had been needed to get a trustworthy Liberal nominated for the Vice-Presidency. But that was not forthcoming; the wayward President had taken his counsel with Len Hall.

Stassen took stock of the situation and found the moment propitious to start building for the future. He decided that by comparison with Eisenhower Republicanism, Dwight Eisenhower was emphatically mortal.

It was only natural that Washington newsmen should have immediately nailed down the motivation for Stassen's vendetta as one of personal aggrandizement. No one thought twice about what "cause" he might be serving, because he has never been known to serve any but his own. The man has a well-deserved reputation for being a ruthless self-seeker—an implacable aspirant to the Presidency, as unfettered by ideological conviction as any politician within recent memory. During the fifteen years or so in which he has been eligible for the Presidency, Stassen has wedded himself at one time or another to every conceivable position in the Republican spectrum of beliefs. But inject the factor of political ambition, and the maze of contradictions becomes a marvelously coherent pattern.

That being clearly understood, the question for the commentators was whether Stassen, in taking on Nixon, had judged a situation badly, as he did for example in coming out for the gold standard in 1952; or well, as he did for example in sailing into Phillip Jessup during the high tide of McCarthyism.

For one thing, Stassen did not cross the President. Mr. Eisenhower is personally ambivalent toward Nixon's candidacy, which Stassen learned when he got the President's permission to promote another candidate. Eisenhower, on the one hand, sympathizes with the view advanced by many intimates that Nixon may cost him votes with the "independents." On the other, he understands Len Hall's point about accommodating the Republican organization, and on balance he tends to trust Hall's judgment about such things. Hence, the President was willing to get himself maneuvered into a position where he could not gracefully take the initiative in dumping Nixon, but where also he could accept an alternative should an unexpected situation at San Francisco force the Vice President to withdraw.

Stassen thus was on pretty safe ground as regards Mr. Eisenhower. But how about the rest of the Republican Party?

As regards GOP conservatives, Stassen knew he would infuriate them. But others have been doing that for years, and have prospered thereby. As regards the effect on Liberals, the prospects were brilliant. If, for example, Nixon should fall at San Francisco, his scalp would be Stassen's, as also, very possibly, would be the Vice-Presidential nomination. Should Nixon get the nomination, and the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket lose in November, Nixon, of course, would be the scapegoat, and Stassen the fellow who wisely and courageously called the turn. Assuming the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket wins, and the President survives a second term, the 1960 convention figures to be a fight between Nixon and anti-Nixon Liberals, with Stassen, by that time, the well-entrenched champion of the latter. The very worst that could happen, from Stassen's point of view, would be for Nixon to succeed to the Presidency during Eisenhower's second term. This would mean that everyone's ambitions, except Nixon's, would be frustrated until 1964. But Stassen is young enough to be available in 1964.

The nub of the matter is that Mr. Stassen wants a place in the sun in the post-Eisenhower Republican Party. He senses that this party will not belong to Dick Nixon, but to those who view Nixon as a potential threat to Eisenhower Republicanism. Having placed his bets on the "ism" rather than the man, Stassen has a better chance than he did two weeks ago of being the man who will deliver Marc Antony's oration.

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The Coming Economic Crisis

"Two booms in every American home," or something like it, will be the platform of the Republican Party. But Mr. Rothbard, an economist, questions the premises of optimism.

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Ring the changes on Prosperity! So, apparently, runs the basic campaign directive of the Eisenhower Administration as it seeks its new four-year mandate. Even the Democrats, the change-ringers proclaim, have to admit that we have maintained "full employment." Even the Democrats have to admit that the price-level, thanks to our ministrations, has remained fairly stable.

We have, moreover, proved that we can perpetuate Prosperity into an indefinite future — that the "new tools" now available for the engineering of Prosperity indeed do the job, and that the economic managers to whom we have entrusted those tools are indeed wise men. What more, we want to know, can anybody ask of us?

And the Democrats string along, conceding — a little grudgingly, perhaps, but no matter—that they find nothing in the general economic picture to complain about. They, equally with the Republicans, have laid the dread spectre of a new 1929 depression to rest. And here, as in other areas of the nation's life, we move a little further along toward Total Bipartisanship.

Well, let's think about all this a bit. The so-called new tools, of course, are merely devices by which the government pumps new money into the economy to regulate its flow. Some of them are not new at all — the Federal Reserve manipulations of money and credit, for example. Others are simply institutional means for channeling — that is, spending — new money: "built-in stabilizers" such as farm subsidies, unemployment insurance, public works, etc. Governmental policy, as explained by the authoritative *Business Week* (which gave the Administration the President's economic assistant Dr. Gabriel Hauge), is "to allow the money supply to expand by an average of 3 per cent to 4 per cent a year to keep pace with the demands of normal growth." And the economy, in keeping with this policy, receives its annual sweetener of new money, and, thus far, without generating any notable instability in prices.

Yet disturbing echoes persist. We remember dimly that the same chorus was sung in the 1920s: then, too, the economy was booming. Prosperity seemed permanent, and new tools of Federal Reserve regulation promised a New Era without depressions. Then, too, the price level was stabilized. Yet 1929 struck swiftly and suddenly, catching most economists completely by surprise. Can history repeat?

Just "Flation"

The key to the prevailing smugness has been a shift in the meaning of the term "inflation." In the nineteenth century, attention was centered on the money supply, conceived to be the root of economic trouble. "Inflation" was a large increase in that supply. Webster's still defines inflation as monetary expansion, but the general public thinks exclusively of the price level. If prices remain generally stable, the public—and most economists — deny that any inflation has taken place. And since everyone is loudly against both inflation and deflation, satisfaction reigns as long as prices remain about the same. As one wit summed up the prevailing mood: "we are against inflation and deflation. Our only proper policy is 'flation'."

In advocating price stabilization, economists are saying that it doesn't really matter *what* the price level is, so long as it remains fixed. Whatever the price level is, is right, and any change is considered unfortunate. The money and credit supply, on the other hand, must increase every year to "meet the needs of growth." Curiously, few think to turn matters around. Actually, it doesn't matter what the *money supply* is, so long as it remains constant. Any change in the money supply (beyond changes in gold or silver) is unfortunate. On the other hand, the price level should be free to respond flexibly to the changing needs and demands of the economy.

Let us remember, however, that concentration on the price level was responsible for the blindness that led to 1929. During the 1920s a small band of economists (Ludwig von Mises in Europe, B.M. Anderson, H. Parker Willis, and Ralph W. Robey in the United States), kept warning us of the inevitably disastrous consequences of money and credit inflation. But most economists scoffed, pointing to the stability of the price level. There being no inflationary boom, they argued, there could be no subsequent bust. We know to our sorrow whose prediction proved correct.

Why can a change in the money supply never improve the economy? Because money has no basic usefulness for its own sake. Money is not used up in consumption or production. Its value rests solely on its purchasing-power, or exchange-value. Its "price" is in the goods it can command, and, like all other prices, is determined by supply and demand — specifically, by the total stock of money and the people's demand for money. An increase in the money supply will, therefore, simply lower the "price" of money — the purchasing-power of each dollar being diluted as the supply of dollars expands. Thus an increase in the supply of dollars confers no social benefit; it simply

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means that more dollars will be competing for the existing stock of scarce resources.

David Hume's famous illustration dramatized this truth: he bade us ask ourselves what would happen if everybody woke up one morning to find that his cash balance had doubled overnight. People would not, clearly, be twice as well off as before — indeed, they would not be better off at all. Instead, prices would tend to double as twice the money competed for the existing stock of land, labor, capital, and consumer goods.

The Gravy Train

If more money doesn't benefit the people, why is inflation of money and credit so popular? Inflation *does* benefit some, but only at the expense of others. It is like a giant tax-and-subsidy that takes resources from one part of the population and confers them on another part. For as new money is pumped into the economy, the first receivers of the new money benefit most: they have more money before prices have gone up. Similarly, those whom the new money reaches last lose most, because buying prices have gone up before they lay hands on it. When inflation starts, every pressure group hopes, and fights, to be well forward on the gravy train.

On the free market, men can acquire money only in two ways: by producing goods and selling them for money, or by receiving money as a gift. In either case, the resulting shift of monetary assets is purely voluntary. But when new paper or checkbook money is created and pumped into the economy, money is newly-created instead of earned. Accurately speaking, then, the new money is "counterfeit," and the resulting shift in resources is coerced. Indeed, the effects of inflation correspond to the sequel of events following the injection of counterfeit money into the market. And the arguments for inflation put forward by economists are reminiscent of the *New Yorker* cartoon about a gang of counterfeiters at work. "Retail spending in the neighborhood," one of them gravely remarks, "is about to get a needed shot in the arm."

Of course, the government often condemns price-inflation, and always stands ready to attack "excess spending" by the public. We hear the constant refrain that taxes must be kept high "to sop up excess purchasing-power." The government first generates inflation by pumping money into the economy, then turns around and attacks the *public* for presuming to spend the new money—that is, accuses *it* of causing the inflation. It then taxes back the money for "the public's own good," and ends up having seized the public's resources *twice*: once by inflation, once by taxation.

Stable prices, let us further note, are not the unmixed blessing many suppose them to be. When capital investment increases and productivity rises, the increased supply of goods lowers prices. The abundance provided by capitalism always tends to lower prices and quickly spread the fruits of growing productivity to the entire mass of consumers. If, however, the government, as in the 1920s and today, pumps money in to prevent prices from falling, the public is deprived of the fruits of prosperity. Wages and rents may rise in specific industries, but the market is kept narrow and costs are held high. Capitalist development is stunted and the market distorted.

Economists have urged governmental stabilization of the price level because of the allegedly great benefits it would confer on business, contract-making, etc. But if business wishes to hedge against price-level changes, it has and always has had, the means to do so. All anyone needs do is stipulate in his contract that payment be made not in fixed dollars but in dollars adjusted by some mutually-agreed-upon index number. The fact that businessmen rarely do this is sufficient testimony to their indifference toward stabilization.

The Boom-Bust Cycle

But of all the evils of inflation, whether for stabilization or any other purpose, the greatest is this: inflationary credit expansion causes the dread business cycle. Here the unwary conservative is apt to blunder into a trap by being properly suspicious of bank loans to government but not of loans to business. Yet it is expansion of bank loans to business that sets the boom-bust cycle into motion. We didn't get a depression after the World War Two inflation, for example, because that boom was generated by simple government borrowing; but we are in danger of geting one now, as in the 1920s, because bank loans to business are expanding.

Here's how the process works: Every individual allocates his resources between spending and working on *present* consumption, and building for *future* consumption. The latter involves "saving" resources to "invest" in future production. He decides the proportions to allocate on the basis of his *time preferences*—his relative estimation of the present and future. The lower his preference for the present, the greater the investment. The interest rate (called "profit rate") on the market is a reflection of the interplay of individual time-preferences, and shifts as time preferences change. The interest rate on loans, in turn, is a reflection of this market interest rate. Businessmen decide how many factors to allocate to "higher order production processes" (capital investments) and how much to "lower order production" (consumer goods). They decide on the basis of the price-differentials between the various orders, which in turn equal the "profit rate."

Now suppose that the banks, under the guidance and sponsorship of government, feed new money into the loan market. The new money goes to business, at the same time lowering the interest rate. Businessmen use the new money to bid away resources from other businesses. The artificially low interest rate persuades business that the consumers have what we may call "lower" time preference than they really have — that more savings are available, that is to say, than is really the case. The new money is *not* savings but new bank money. With it, business launches different projects than it would otherwise have launched, because they would have been unprofitable at the higher interest rate that would have reflected the true desires of the consumers. When the new money leaves business firms and enters the hands of workers and landowners, they spend their money at the old consumer/investment proportions, since their time-preferences have not in fact changed at all.

New money channeled into busi-

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ness loans, therefore, tampers with the vital signals of the free-market economy. The new money is used for projects that could be profitable only if consumer time-preferences had really shifted. Since they have not shifted, it is up to the underlying forces of the market to restore the correct proportions. Once credit expansion stops, the correct consumption/-investment ratio is restored, and much boomtime investment is seen to have been wasteful and unprofitable. The "depression" is actually the painful but necessary process of readjustment that the market must eventually make to the wasteful, distorted investments of the boom. While people think that the depression is the terrible period (depressions are made much worse than necessary by mistaken actions of government and unions), it is actually the *boom* that injures the public and that the depression must correct.

Make no mistake about it: The current boom is a boom in business lending by banks. A future crisis is, therefore, unavoidable. The longer the boom continues, the longer the depression is blocked, the more intense will the necessary adjustments be. And clever manipulation by our "economic managers" can only make matters worse — by prolonging the wastes of the boom and so increasing the agonies of the coming collapse.

Plight of the "Fed"

The current storm over the timid and belated "tight money" policy of the Federal Reserve System dramatizes the plight of our money-managers. The "Fed" slowly began to recognize the inflationary danger and proceeded to shut off the supply of new money. The key here is not so much the highly publicized creeping rise in the rediscount rate as the Fed's "open market" purchases and sales of government securities. These transactions are the day-to-day means by which the Fed manipulates the legal reserves of the banking system, and thus the national money-supply. Fed purchases of government bonds and notes increase bank "reserves" with the Fed and bring about a multiple expansion of the money-supply; and *vice versa* for Fed sales.

By early spring, Fed was implementing its tight-money policy by *selling* government securities. Since the April rise of rediscount rates, enormous pressure has been put on Fed from all segments of political life. The first signs of a dip have, as always, set everyone to clamoring for more inflation: the politicians concerned over the next election; the labor unions, profoundly committed to inflation as a means of carrying their customary annual wage increases; economists, enraptured by their visions of a permanent and managed inflation; and, saddest of all, industrialists eager for this sugar-coated form of governmental handout. From veteran cheap-money Rep. Wright Patman (D., Tex.) to Harlow Curtice of General Motors, pressures beat in irresistibly for full speed ahead on inflation.

The internecine battle is still raging, but it is easy to predict who will win the war. Already, the Fed is quietly beginning to buy government securities again, and undoubtedly there will be more surrender soon— and before the election. And so, the boom will go on and on as the government tries desperately to stave off market adjustments to the cumulating distortions of credit expansion. Eventually, it will have to face the crisis—and if it waits too long, we will have not a "depression" but the far graver *runaway inflation* — that dread collapse of the currency that combines the worst features of depression and boom. Runaway inflation wrecked Germany after World War I, and China and many other countries during and after World War II. Make no mistake —it *can* happen here!

Kreuttner

"How can belonging to thirty-five Front Groups make me subversive? I'm just a crazy-mixed-up Humanitarian!"

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Down the Socialist Drain

As this department has reported before (June 27, 1956), Dr. F. A. Aschinger, the business editor of the famously cautious *Neue Zurcher Zeitung,* has in recent months been engaged in a thorough on-the-spot survey of India's economy. Dr. Aschinger has in the meantime offered his minutely argued and considered conclusions (in the July issue of the *Swiss Review of World Affairs,* a monthly service of the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung*).

"The influence of the Indian Government in history," states Dr. Aschinger, "has greatly increased in all fields since 1950"—which is almost exactly the date U.S. foreign aid began to pour into India on a level of plenty. The privately owned Tata Iron and Steel Co. and the Indian Iron and Steel Co. have received permission to raise their capacity to three million tons, but this is just "a period of grace," "an attempt . . . to mobilize foreign funds which could not otherwise become available. . . . There can be no doubt [that] the steel industry will be nationalized in a foreseeable future."

Equally, or so Dr. Aschinger quotes the "Estimate Committee of the Indian People's Chamber," "the nationalization of all coal mines has become inevitable." All life insurance companies were taken over by the government early this year. Consequently, notes Dr. Aschinger, businessmen "have lost much of their zest. . . . To say that they are suffering from a sense of frustration would be saying too little. . . . The insecurity in private enterprise is further aggravated by the fear of inadequate compensation in the event of nationalization, against which there is no longer any right of appeal since the adoption of a constitutional amendment last year."

Should, nonetheless, a businessman make a presentable profit, the maximum tax rate on income "was raised in the current year to 91.6 per cent." But the business climate is not at all conducive to making *any* profit. "The pressure put on the companies to maintain excessive labor forces . . . explains why many firms, despite the lower wage of the individual worker, have labor costs which are relatively at least as high as those of their western competitors."

And what is India's economic future? Dr. Aschinger put this question to decisive operators of India's economy. Their answer was unequivocal.

"According to the official thesis, there is a choice only between the 'socialist pattern' and a communist system." And Dr. Aschinger thus summarizes the Indian outlook: "It must be anticipated, therefore, that the execution of [the Government] plan will almost automatically lead to a tightening of the controls and a sharpening of the socialist tendencies."

Nor is there hope for a political repeal of the socialist trend "since there is no non-socialist opposition in the Parliament, where the opposition, on the contrary, is composed of even more radically left-wing elements. . . . Whether the policy of the 'socialist pattern,'" concludes Dr. Aschinger, "will—as the Government hopes—prove a 'conservative element' [against the final sales success of a competitive Communism] appears exceedingly doubtful."

But the Sunday editions of our metropolitan press, right next to fat Wall Street advertisements, will continue to amplify Mr. Chester Bowles' and Mr. Paul Hoffman's stubborn pleas for even more capitalist U.S. aid to socialist India. Abroad, as Dr. Aschinger's analysis shows, no one hesitates to consider this aberration of a policy obtuse and suicidal.

The Heroes of French Leftism

The Washington correspondent of the leftist *France Observateur* reports in his paper that "there are more of those who feel nostalgic for the Cold War in the Democratic than in the Republican camp." His current American hero is Mr. Charles Wilson who, M. Jacques Hemont notes, had the guts to tell Congress that "the Russians are moving toward a more liberal society." The entire leftist press in France openly bets and prays in Eisenhower's corner.

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Red Churches in China

The Chinese Reds, in trying to pervert Christianity to their uses, will end by driving it underground, where it will help to destroy their despotism

RODNEY GILBERT

One does not need to be devoutly religious to be nauseated by the spectacle which the Soviet Russian Orthodox Church has made of itself since Stalin—product of a theological seminary—had the bright idea, during World War Two, that enough rogues and cowards could be found in clerical garb to set up a hierarchy wholly subservient to an aggressively atheistic despotism. A vast number of Americans, religious and irreligious alike, look upon a recent visitor to this country—the white-whiskered old hierarch of the Red Church in the USSR, Nicolai—as a sort of perambulating whited sepulchre. But the clerical prostitution of which Nicolai reminded so many is not confined to the Soviet Union. Stalin's nasty game —one of the many that Khrushchev has not denounced—has been emulated throughout all the domains of the unlamented Vozhd, even in China.

Persons interested in church work probably know that efforts have been made in every European Red satellite to find enough clowns and cowards in unholy orders to organize both Catholic and Protestant churches subservient to the puppet dictatorships. Their business it would be to crowd out—as bad money crowds out good—the genuine religious organizations which the Reds fear but dare not savagely liquidate. They fear such organizations — whether Christian, Moslem or Buddhist. They have no fear of pseudo-religious organizations under the control of subsidized agents who are willing to make a masquerade of their profession.

News and comment on these efforts in Europe have been inadequate. And almost nothing has been published about Chou En-lai's partly successful efforts to set up and patronize two wholly new and wholly subservient Christian churches in Red China—one Protestant, one Catholic. Not only were these churches to be completely detached from all foreign affiliations through the harassment and final expulsion of all non-Chinese missionaries, but the Christian religion itself was to be given a thorough overhauling.

The earliest publicity, put out in May 1950, when Chou En-lai assembled in Peiping a large body of alleged "Christian leaders," did not make this clear. But in April 1951, when Red China was deeply involved in the Korean war, had been denounced as an aggressor, outlaw nation and needed a browbeaten Christian organization to support its domestic propaganda, something like six hundred benumbed or time-serving "religious leaders" were herded into Peiping. And a new publication put out their findings on Christian doctrine.

In essence it was agreed that the greater part of what had passed for Christian doctrine in China before the "liberation" was "imperialistic poison." It was found that there was nothing in the Scriptures essential to Christianity's survival in China—nothing, that is, but the "social doctrines" preached by Jesus of Nazareth. It was found further that the Marxist program for human betterment, which Mao was implementing so beautifully, was identically the same as Jesus' program. Wherefore no Christian had any reason to doubt that the Communist conquest of the world ("inevitable" of course) would be equivalent to the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

The convocation went on to pass resolutions in support of the puppet despotism's propaganda campaign, with routine denunciations of American aggression in Korea. The publication in which all this was set forth has not reached this writer in Chinese; but, according to the China Inland Mission—than which no organization on earth knows more of what is going on in China—it is called "Wind of Heaven and the New Church."

At any rate we do have translations of this organ of "the New Church," translations that have been put out by the most competent authorities. And, though chance references to the doctrinal foundations of the cult in Red publications usually describe it simply as "the united Protestant church," one learns from "The Wind of Heaven, etc." that it is officially known as the "Three Self-Reforms Church of Christ in China." The reader may perhaps wonder why Jesus of Nazareth is described as "Christ," if his only useful function was to anticipate Marx. But it gets one nowhere to quibble with blasphemous chicanery.

Devil's Advocates

The reader may also wonder what kind of agents Chou En-lai found within the Chinese Christian fold to put over such doctrines and whip the intimidated Protestant Christians into the new organization. They have been, in the past, so well and favorably known to missionaries and to supporters of missions in the United States and Great Britain that there are even now simpletons in both countries, other than the Melishes and Canterbury's Red Dean, who favor opening "ecumenical" relations with the new "united church."

Chief devil's advocate (in a new sense) is a YMCA man named Wu Yao-tsung. He is a Columbia graduate and, according to a Red *Who's Who*, he is a vice-president of Mao's rubber-stamp parliamentary body, the "People's Political Consultative Council." The same book avers that, since the "liberation," he has "devoted all his energies to the new Christian Revolutionary Movement." (There, incidentally, is your officially correct description of the movement to sub-

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vert and destroy the Christian churches in China in the interest of atheism.)

Then we learn that this fellow's first lieutenant is a certain Rev. Mr. Marcus Cheng. For some reason he gets no mention in the Red reference book; but he is well remembered in the United States and Great Britain because of a propaganda tour that he made through the Occident in 1949, as a fervent apologist for the all-conquering champions of atheism in China.

Assignment Terror

Chou En-lai's campaign was opened in May 1950. He then had a "manifesto" ready for the "Christian leaders" to sign, take home, and have others sign. It was a call for unity under dictatorship, for loyalty to the new regime, and a denunciation of the "alien use of mission work for imperialistic purposes." At that first gathering, "accusation meetings" were planned. At such meetings persons who exhibited any symptom of loyalty to foreign missions would be denounced as spies, traitors and what not. The assignment given to all present was, in short, to take terror back into their congregations.

I have already said that it was not until April 1951, at the second such conclave, that the strange doctrinal foundation of "the New Church" was made clear. There was another such gathering in the winter of 1952-53, by which time no more than a handful of Protestant missionaries were left in Red China—most of those in jail—and still fewer Catholics at large.

By that time, practically all of the great educational and medical institutions in China had been taken over by the Reds. The result of Catholic resistance to the liquidation of Church establishments is no better than the Protestant; but the record of the Catholic resistance to pollution is better: we have yet to hear of a new Catholic church in China which has proclaimed that Jesus Christ and Karl Marx chanted the same blessing on "scientific socialism."

In the fall of 1955, the Vatican let it be known that of 5,500 non-Chinese bishops, priests, brothers and nuns in China (before "liberation"), there were no more than forty left alive, and not one at large. Since then a few more have come out alive—notably Dr. Harold Rigney, Rector of the Catholic (Fu-jen) University in Peiping, who had been four years under mental torment and who proclaimed, when he crossed the international bridge into Hongkong, minus eighty pounds of what he should have weighed: "Now I know what Hell is."

No, there is not yet any such thing as a show-case anti-Vatican Catholic church in Red China. The organization of such a church was, of course, strenuously promoted by the ardent atheists. Once it looked as though Chou En-lai had found what Stalin had found in the Russian Orthodox hierarchy—a purchasable Catholic booster for an atheistic state. The willing agent was a certain Li Wei-kuang, Vicar General of Nanking, where he had been very important when Nanking was the capital of the recognized Chinese Republic. He went all out for the atheistic tyranny; but he just didn't click with the clerical rank and file. Then the Vatican excommunicated him; and his stock went to zero.

This failure has, naturally, intensified anti-Catholic persecution, with wholesale arrests of Chinese bishops, priests and communicants in Shanghai and Hankow (the only communities on which we have Communist reports on such arrests). But fresh persecution also seems to account for an unpredicted and unexplained growth of attendance at Catholic churches in the communities in which the Reds have been most ruthless in their persecution of the Chinese clergy. A Swedish businessman, a refugee from Shanghai (the community in which he had been born and reared and which he therefore knew as a native), recently commented on this in Hongkong. He had observed a phenomenal growth of attendance at Catholic churches, following upon every local rumor of local arrests, which he couldn't or wouldn't try to explain.

But maybe I can explain this phenomenon. The Reds just dare not close the churches, the mosques, the synagogues and the major Buddhist establishments, even though they have all the religious leaders in jail. If mobs go to mosques on Fridays, or to churches on Sundays, the secret police cannot possibly check on the membership of the mobs. Attendance at a Catholic mass by a Taoist who believes that the Supreme Being resides in the North Star, is a demonstration of his hate against the regime in a relatively safe way.

The Reds will probably find new and cruel ways of dealing with such use of churches as media for demonstrations against them. Indeed they must. But what then, when Christianity, both Protestant and Catholic, will go underground? Every evil tyranny in Chinese history has been toppled into oblivion by movements generated by religious or semi-religious secret societies. The more vicious the tyrants get (as they have been during the past year in their persecution of native Christians), the surer it is that they are scared.

The blasphemous abomination which Chou En-lai has promoted is something which should inspire nothing but horror among American Christians. But I'd refuse to bet on that, knowing the strange ways in which missionary minds can go haywire. Yet on this I am happy to bet heavily: Chinese Christianity *is* going to go underground. And when the big eruption against Mao starts, Chinese Christianity is going to contribute its own dynamite to the grand liquidation.

Liberal Estimate

It has appeared to me that there is a definite liberal group among the [Chinese] Communists . . . men who would put the interest of the Chinese people above ruthless measures to establish a Communist ideology in the immediate future.

GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL
January 7, 1947

His [Mao's] moral prestige . . . springs . . . from . . . his purity of intention.

JOHN KING FAIRBANK
Atlantic Monthly, November 1950

. . . I have been told that, in Communist China, the government, which under the old regime was always corrupt, is now practically honest. But I wonder if that makes up for the purges that have been killing so many people just because they did not agree to go along with the party line.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
"My Day," September 4, 1951

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Who Wrapped the Package Deal?

Apologists, official and unofficial, for the appeasing line that Washington most of the time takes toward Moscow offer a standard excuse. We must, they say, take heed of the problems of our allies and the neutrals. The stalwart paladins of the State Department would, of their own will, march boldly ahead, but they must not leave our timid friends behind.

I chanced recently to hear the account of last year's UN "package deal" as observed by one of the direct participants. It offers an instructive gloss on boldness and timidity.

Blackmailers' Progress

It will be recalled that for several years the Soviet Union had used its veto to prevent the UN admission of such new members as Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Italy and Japan (thirteen in all) until there should be simultaneously admitted five of its satellite governments: Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and the Soviet's first and most fantastic puppet, Outer Mongolia, a huge, empty region lopped from Northwestern China.

At the end of last year's UN Assembly meeting, the United States and the Western nations, submitting to the Soviet blackmail, agreed to swallow the five satellites as the price for Soviet acceptance of the thirteen genuine governments.

But when the Security Council vote came on December 13, Dr. T. F. Tsiang, delegate of the Republic of China, vindicated the honor of the free world by vetoing Outer Mongolia. This smashed the deal, and the Soviet Union then vetoed the non-Communist candidates.

The Office Murmurs

At ten o'clock on the following morning, the Soviet delegation, without stating the purpose, demanded an immediate special meeting of the Security Council. Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand, the Chairman, refused to convoke a meeting without some motivation. The UN Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjold, held, however, that any permanent member might properly request a meeting. On his continuing insistence, Sir Leslie summoned the Council for 3 P.M., with the understanding that the Soviet delegate, Sobolev, would inform the others beforehand what his reasons were.

Sobolev, reached at 2 P.M., said that he would introduce a new "compromise" which would omit the candidacy of Outer Mongolia—and of Japan.

Confronted with this preposterous and insulting proposal, the Western delegates (of Belgium, Brazil, New Zealand, Peru, Turkey, France, the United Kingdom) at once met in secret caucus, but without the U.S. delegate (Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.), who could not be found.

The caucus was unanimous in considering Sobolev's proposal unacceptable. It was assumed as a matter of course that the United States would reject it out of hand, if for no other reason than to express solidarity with the supremely important Asian country, Japan.

The meeting convened, Sobolev made his motion, and a recess was called.

The Western delegates gathered in Sir Leslie's office, this time with Ambassador Lodge present. Mr. Lodge said that he would move to have Japan restored to the list. This would undoubtedly be vetoed by Sobolev. After that, he would vote for the Soviet proposal. He explained that the Assembly wanted the deadlock broken, and besides Japan could probably get in next time. (With a total incomprehension of political realities, he said that, anyway, Japanese annoyance would be directed at Moscow.)

The captain having turned tail, the others gave way. As the caucus was ending, the Iranian delegate entered the room and remarked, without being aware of the discussion, "I assume that Sobolev's proposal is rejected." He was quickly disabused of his naive hope of American firmness. Mr. Lodge, asked what could be done about Dr. Tsiang, replied: "We'll take care of that."

The Council meeting resumed. The Sobolev motion passed, with Lodge hypocritically, and Tsiang sorrowfully, abstaining.

Peaceful Atoms

This softness of the United States in the UN, its failure even to comprehend what is going on, is the general rule. It is at present being illustrated in the preparatory moves on the Atoms for Peace Plan, scheduled to begin publicly with a conference this autumn. On every issue the United States is being outmaneuvered. The usual procedure is for the United States to object plaintively to Communist proposals, and then to pass the ball to the Indian representatives, who work up a mealy formula that looks neutral in form and concedes the Communist point in substance.

Indeed, the notoriously anti-Western, pro-Communist Krishna Menon is, as a world figure, largely an American creation—a "U.S. vedette," as one UN delegate calls him.

India is now processing a Soviet proposal to invite Communist China and Viet Minh to the initial conference. On Indian initiative, the United States has accepted Vienna (instead of the previously proposed Geneva) as Atoms for Peace headquarters. This means that large quantities of fissionable material, donated by the producing member nations, will be stocked in a defenseless country thirty miles from the Iron Curtain. The projected organization will be governed by a council of twenty-three members, so arranged that the United States will be from the very beginning in a minority.

The American public has been hearing many a lamentation about the spread of neutralism around the world. It has not been told that the neutralist mote abroad is merely the reflection of the neutralist beam at home.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Gordon Keith Chalmers

A college president ought to be a conscript father. In the Academy especially, men in love with power ought not to be entrusted with power; while it is the scholar, the leisurely gentleman, the tolerant bookman, the philosopher reluctant to impose his will upon the wills of other men, who makes the ideal college president. I am well aware that often we cannot hope to realize our ideal. The exigencies of the American institution of higher learning are stern. The president of a state university is expected to be a species of lobbyist; the president of a small college is expected to be a tireless fund-raiser. These requirements tend to repel many of the very men who prefer learning to the dreary arts of administration, but who are endowed with the imagination and intellectual strength requisite to the leadership of a community of true professors and true students. These latter men ought to become our college presidents, even though they prefer contemplation. A few of them do become college presidents. The late Gordon Keith Chalmers was such a scholar.

Kenyon College, in the opinion of some knowing friends of mine, is the best liberal-arts college in America; and anyone who knows our campuses will rank it, surely, among the best three or four. The college, and its associated Episcopalian divinity school, stand on a charming wooded plateau, surrounded by the pleasant old houses of the little town of Gambier, Ohio; most of the village, indeed, is college property. Gordon Chalmers, who had been at Brown, at Oxford, and at Harvard, and had become president of Rockford College when he was thirty years old, assumed the presidency of Kenyon in 1937. He died this spring, unexpectedly, at the age of fifty-one. "The life I lead!" he said to me, once. He never spared himself; the presidency of a college, in its way, is nearly as exhausting as the presidency of the United States; and he died a good death, after a good life.

Though he was a thorough scholar, Dr. Chalmers was a strong president, candid and firm, believing in ordered freedom in the Academy. He never feared to make enemies, and criticized the National Education Association, for instance, in terms that many college presidents would have quaked to have to utter. To preserve and enhance the high reputation of Kenyon, he sacrificed much that he loved: leisure, writing, quiet. A book on Sir Thomas Browne and an influential book on our higher learning—*The Republic and the Person*—with a great many speeches and occasional essays, will ensure him some literary reputation; but most of his energies went into his work of administration, and will live only in the careers of the professors and the students to whom he set a high example. Yet perhaps this last is the better form of immortality.

Among his achievements at Kenyon was the founding of the *Kenyon Review*, which became the principal organ of the movement called the New Criticism. Dr. Chalmers, really, had intended to establish a journal of opinion rather like the *Yale Review;* he invited Mr. John Crowe Ransom, the distinguished critic, to edit this journal; and Professor Ransom produced, instead, a magazine of literary criticism, not precisely what Chalmers had had in mind. But it is a mark of his toleration that he did not interfere in the general policies of the *Review,* giving Professor Ransom a free hand.

On the walls of President Chalmers' study were hung photographs of the man who, far more than anyone else, had formed Chalmers' mind: Irving Babbitt. Harold Laski wrote once that Babbitt left no disciples. But Laski knew next to nothing about recent American thought, and no judgment could be more superficial than this. Chalmers was only one of Babbitt's students who came to exercise a profound influence upon our higher learning; President Pusey of Harvard is another. With Babbitt, Chalmers was convinced that the great end of education is ethical, the discipline of *humanitas,* which teaches what it is to be a man. Always easily accessible to Kenyon students, regardless of how busy he was, Chalmers exercised upon some minds of the rising generation a fascination comparable to Babbitt's. His principles of education were perhaps most succinctly expressed in an address to the Southern Political Science Association, "The Education of Governors," published last year in the *Virginia Quarterly Review.* And in a recent collection of essays edited by Mr. Mortimer Smith, *The Public Schools in Crisis* (Regnery), Chalmers' article "Time for a Change" discusses the failure of our American educational system to prepare us for this the grand era of our national destiny:

> The chief studies of a common education pertinent to our world are moral. That is, they are the studies which, before any social measurements can be taken, help us to know within ourselves what it is to be a man, and thus help us to understand why it is necessary for all government and courts to begin and end with a firm confidence in the sanctity of the individual.

Such was the theme of Dr. Chalmers' discourse for years in a generation given over to educational fads and foibles: to false specialization, to "social adjustment," to pedantry without humility and to dilettantism without taste. A book published fifty years ago, Babbitt's *Literature and the American College,* helped to form Chalmers' educational principles.

With a Scottish resolution, President Chalmers brought Babbitt's observations abreast of the times, displaying in *The Republic and the Person* a forthrightness and a penetration equal to his master's. The end of education, these humanists said, is the elevation of the mind and conscience of the individual human person, for the individual human person's own sake. They have not yet won the day; humane learning still is buffeted and mocked by the voca-

(*Continued on p. 22*)

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Bare Walls and Empty Heads

The modern scholar not only knows more and more about less and less, he is no longer capable of comprehending his research problem. How he occasionally succeeds in solving it I, in turn, no longer comprehend. Like children and drunks, it seems, modern scholars are protected by luck.

Take for instance Professor Ralph Purcell, Carter Glass Chair of Government, Sweet Briar College. He has just published *Government and Art: A Study of American Experience* (Public Affairs Press, Washington, D. C., $2.75), a towering landmark of irrelevancy. Professor Purcell is presumably a scholar and an impeccable gentleman; in fact, it would never occur to me to embarrass him with a public discussion of his acumen, had he not committed this book. But he has. And as he has done so entirely of his own volition, he will have to take the consequences.

But the consequences (and this is the real trouble) will by no means be confined to Mr. Purcell. Apparently, his book has been selected as the holy scripture of an unholy crusade by the powerful lobby which proposes to inveigle the U.S. Government into the entertainment business. "It is indeed fortunate that Professor Purcell's fascinating and informative book should make its appearance at this time," testifies Mr. Clarence Derwent, chairman of something that calls itself, rather ominously, "National Council on the Arts and Government." And Mr. Derwent continues: "Except for the special interests obsessed with illusions about governmental competition, the impartial observer should be reassured by the evidence presented in this book of the harmonious partnership between government and art."

Having thus defined "the impartial observer" as a party *"reassured"* by evidence of "harmonious partnership between government and art," Mr. Derwent goes on to reassure the hell out of me. "Although the indifference of American government toward the arts has long been a matter of regret . . . there are now many encouraging signs that a new day is dawning . . . Significantly, President Eisenhower has endorsed proposals for a government commission of the arts."

This is indeed significant, I'm afraid, but I shall cross Mr. Eisenhower when I get to him (in November). Mr. Derwent sees the significance of Mr. Eisenhower's endorsement in his agreeing with the New Deal: "The most important culmination of such efforts was, of course, the establishment of the Federal Arts Project during Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration."

The "conscious support" of art by government, claims Mr. Purcell, has been "accepted" as a "function of government in the United States." Accepted? When, how, by whom? By the patron saint of all foes of "special interests obsessed with illusions about government competition": "President Eisenhower, in his State of the Union Message in 1955, urged the recognition of the responsibility of government for art in a maturing republic."

Frankly, this professional hiding behind Eisenhower's skirts is not cricket. Mr. Eisenhower, after all, is by avocation a painter and, like all artists, rather emotional in matters of public policy. It is just not fair for the occupant of the Carter Glass Chair to substitute an artist's emotionalism for scholarly argument. A full-fledged Professor of Government owes us *instruction* on the interrelations of government and art.

And we finally do get it from Mr. Purcell: he approves of the national government's "accepting responsibility for ameliorating aesthetic inequality among its citizens." But has Mr. Purcell even tried to figure out what this brand new governmental responsibility involves? Has he, for instance, considered the difficulties in ameliorating the aesthetic inequality that distinguishes, say, me from Professor Purcell? He is capable of writing prose like this:

> The laborer of the city may through art contrast the conditions of his industrial community with the farmer of the plains. From the prints of Grant Wood, for example, there may come to him the realization of and even an appreciation for some of the characteristics of the way of life that is distinctive of the mid-west. The problem of communication—to which art has a significant contribution to make, according to Dewey—has been solved to the degree that art becomes a part of life of the individual.

Now perhaps this, too, is prose that sings; but it sings of the emptiness that fills a Philistine. And how is the government going to ameliorate the position of the aesthetically underprivileged?

With research so penetrating that it would bring honor to any high-school sophomore, Professor Purcell then reveals that America has always underwritten something like the WPA Art Project. ("The Italian artist, Constantino Brumidi, was almost constantly employed for two decades decorating rooms and corridors in the Capital," *etc., etc.*) He picks up fervor, though not style, when he records "New Stirrings" under that great federal Maecenas, Harry Hopkins. And he ends with a scholarly conclusion which, I swear, is *not* my satirical invention: "With all the bare walls and the many more with stereotype reproductions on them in public buildings, the opportunities for the government to patronize art within its present functions are practically unlimited."

There is here indeed a scholar who sat down to contemplate the relations between government and art—without being aware that the impudence of government will crush art. No, it is even worse. Mr. Purcell cites what "totalitarian governments" *have* done to art; but he cites it as evidence for the need to repair "the comparative neglect of art by the government of the United States"! Ah well, there are moments when even I get impatient with certified scholarship; and this is one of them.

On its own, this twerp of a book could not survive its day of publication. And yet, it may, I dare say, be one of the few books Mr. Eisenhower will be made to read this year. Why this is so, and what makes our society sick in its responses to art, I shall discuss next week.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Counterfeit at a Popular Price

FRANK S. MEYER

Peter Viereck writes, beyond doubt, the most breathless prose the English language is capable of accommodating. The style is the man. Frenetic, undisciplined, impulsive, and the sport of every eddy of the prevailing wind, he would seem to be asking only for derisive laughter when he puts himself forward as a conservative. Yet in the public eye he has achieved and retained that reputation. His publishers proclaim him "the leading spokesman of a philosophical new conservatism." And all the proper intellectual journals delight to confirm the title. Titillated by their daring, they present his "conservatism" just as proudly, and almost as often, as the more orthodox offerings of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. or George Kennan or Richard Rovere.

The risk, indeed, is not very great. If it involves a speculative flutter on the long side in Metternich or Burke, it is always well hedged with short commitments in whatever is particularly obnoxious to the Liberals on the contemporary scene. Against Taft in '52 and McCarthy in '54, Mr. Viereck blossomed out as the conservative champion of "a better and wiser future under the better and wiser intellectualism of Stevenson."

His scent for the Enlightened Attitude is remarkably keen. That, however, is a trait which he shares with many other hucksters of the fashionable idea. What sets him apart is his versatility. One can distinguish in general between the less adept and the more adept players of this game, in that the common or garden pundit expands upon the fashion of the moment, while the accomplished expert is always a step—but not too long a step—ahead of it. Peter Viereck, with a truly astonishing ability which bodes well for his future, has acquired the knack of doing both at the same time.

On the one hand, he runs with the hares of the established fashion which writes off all opposition to the prevailing Liberal orthodoxy as the psychological resentment of unadjusted neurotics. Following T. W. Adorno, Richard Hofstadter and David Riesman (although with a peculiar elegance of diction all his own) Mr. Viereck attributes everything that is wrong in the land—the Stubborn Refusal of the Backward to accept the Social Humaneness and Social Democracy of the New Deal, or to understand and support the Sober Conservatism of Acheson and Harriman and Stevenson—to a psychopathological combination of "Midwest hick-Protestant revenge against [the] condescending East" with "the resentment of lower-middle-class Celtic South Boston against Harvard."

But at the same time he hunts with the hounds on the trail of next year's fashion, celebrating "the unadjusted man"—not too unadjusted, mind you, but just enough to get him in on the ground floor when the bull market in "adjustment" levels off and the smart operators shift to "the aristocracy of the expert" or "the personality of leadership" or whatever will be our next psychological panacea.

Perhaps one should not be too hard on Mr. Viereck. The game has to be played if one wants success upon the terms within which the Establishment is prepared to grant success. His tortured interpretations of Metternich as the *alter ego* of Franklin Roosevelt, and Burke as the model of Adlai Stevenson; his passionate affirmations that whatever else conservatism may be—socialist, statist, organicist—one thing it can never be is capitalist; all this may serve well enough to add a fillip to the pages of the Liberal journals. There they do little harm.

But when it comes to foisting Mr. Viereck upon the young and the uninstructed as an authority to whom they may turn to find out what conservatism is—this is carrying things too far. And his recent manual in the *Anvil* series, *Conservatism from John Adams to Churchill* (D. Van Nostrand Co., $1.25), is a book explicitly designed for instruction of "the serious general reader and the college community." To represent, as the *Anvil* editors do, his confusion, inconsequence and Liberalism as the last word of a "distinguished scholar" of conservatism, is inexcusable. The book is no better than, and no different from, his usual product; and it is not improved by the addition of seventy-five pages of read-as-you-run snippets ripped out of context from the writings of thirty-one conservative authorities of the last century and a half. As a manual of conservatism, it is a counterfeit.

In an age in which grammar, rhetoric and logic are no longer taught, the mass production of counterfeits is likely to continue apace. Viereck is not the first, nor will he be the last, to succeed in passing off his unexceptionably Liberal sentiments as conservatism.

To make it completely impossible to bring off such preposterous masquerades would be, given the present state of critical intelligence, a Utopian hope. But if only all those who speak seriously in the name of conservatism would come to see that reverence for tradition, essential though it is to any conservative tradition, is not by itself enough! The tradition is diverse and varied. Only a definite core of principle which, while fully respectful of the wisdom of our ancestors, provides a criterion for distinguishing their wisdom from their folly, can—among much more important results—snuff the pretensions of a Viereck.

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Three Years of Tension

Violent Truce, by Commander E. T. Hutchison, USNR. 199 pp. New York: Devin-Adair Company. $3.50

From 1951-54 Commander Hutchison (USNR) was attached as a Military Observer to the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organization, Palestine, most of the time as Chairman of the Mixed Armistice Commission. Colonel McAninch and Major De Barr also served on MAC, and General Bennike —a noted leader of the wartime Danish underground—was Chief of Staff, UNTSO, in 1953-54.

Commander Hutchison's book, to which his three colleagues have written commendatory forewords, is for the most part an account of his personal experiences, supplemented by official UN records. It gives what must undoubtedly be the closest available approximation to the truth concerning three years of "tension" and "incidents" along the Israel borders.

This truth is rather far removed from what we have been told by press and radio. During his tour of duty, Commander Hutchison learned some of the reasons for the discrepancy, and how "world Zionism has, thus far, been able to portray Israel in a sympathetic role." His detailed tally of the record certainly does not prove the Arabs to be mere innocent victims, but it seems to justify his conclusion that over the short as well as the long run, the Zionists and Israel have been the primary aggressors.

Commander Hutchison's experience of events which, though he describes them plainly, were bitter, frustrating and often dreadful, has not led him to despair. He came away from Palestine with the conviction "that peace lies within the realm of possibility." The best chance of its attainment, he believes with perhaps too American an optimism, would be to compel Arabs, Israel and world Zionism to accept and implement "in their fullest meaning" the resolutions that have been adopted by the UN. Israel must look upon herself as a Middle Eastern state, and "seek recognition as an asset rather than a threat to the Middle East. . . . The United States, recognizing its moral responsibility as a world power, must immediately adopt a policy of active impartiality and use its influence to bring about a peace in the Middle East that will assure us the friendship of the Arab World, and, if possible, Israel. We cannot afford to jeopardize national security by lowering our sights to a friendship with Israel alone."

Violent Truce, which was published on June 14 and in print a month before then, has been largely ignored by the book review media.

JAMES BURNHAM

Mysterious Triumph

Francesco: A Legend, by August Mahr. 506 pp. New York: Vantage Press. $3.95

It has been said about Douglas S. Freeman that he was a genius because he made Lee both interesting and believable; and, given the fact that Lee was almost humanly perfect, this was not easy.

Such is the problem with which Mr. August Mahr had to do battle. Mahr, actually, had an even tougher assignment. He was to recount *spiritual* perfection—that thing that is most likely to evoke scorn and boredom and malice. Besides, it is the hardest kind of thing to make us believe.

How do you go about making a person's abject humility appear neither infuriating nor false? When a young nobleman kneels down before the mob as it pelts him with horse manure, forcing it between his teeth, and he cries out only, "I am the lowliest of the low"—how do you convince twentieth-century skeptics that this is neither the extremism of a fanatic nor the groveling of a creature dispossessed of his dignity? Particularly if you can't write very well?

That's not the only problem that beset Mr. Mahr. He had to show, although untouched by eloquence, that Francis emerged from his self-mortification ineffably triumphant. By wading knee-deep naked in mule dung, cleaning out a stable at the malicious behest of a tormentor, he cleaned out the Augean filth that encrusted his soul.

Always when Francis got up from his knees (we are told by Mr. Mahr in terms of bald artlessness) the ragged tramp stood higher than those who scorned him. No fictionist, Mr. Mahr cannot convince us with the force of his presentation. So he is reduced to reporting in exhaustive detail how Francis peeled off the last shred of flesh-love that might interpose between himself and a perfect communion with his King and Lord Jesus.

Really, it should be too much. And that fact stands, perhaps, as the most striking manifestation of the truth contained in this story of a man's progress towards perfection: Nine centuries later, in a world not famous for holiness, a commercial publisher sees that the message of Francis has marketable possibilities. Even Mr. Mahr could not dull our wonderment. He is capable of this paragraph (and many more like it):

> The bull, further enraged by the red shawl about the woman's shoulders, forthwith charged at her. Screeching, the woman stared at her doom coming on thundering hooves.

That any man should spend four bucks to find out what happens forthwith is another mysterious triumph for God's Holy Tramp.

F. R. BUCKLEY

Secret of the Gothic

The Gothic Cathedral, by Otto von Simson. 307 pp. New York: Pantheon Books, Bollingen Series XLVII. $6.50

Professor von Simson, a German-American historian of art, makes no concession to the lay reader. His book is for scholars; anyone else undertaking to read it will require a good English dictionary and a working knowledge of French, German and medieval Latin—unless he is firmly resolved to ignore the footnotes which (I should say) considerably exceed the text in wordage.

It is a beautiful book, handsomely printed and superbly illustrated. For such a volume the publisher's price, evidently, is nominal; which is to say that not only the author but the buyer is indebted to the Bollingen Foundation.

Professor von Simson has set out to prove that Gothic architecture can not be explained in terms of such structural means as the ogival arch, the ribbed vault and the flying buttress. It grew, he says, out of the medieval

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concept of the visible world as the symbol of supernatural reality.

Two aspects of this architecture "are without precedent and parallel: the use of light and the unique relationship between structure and appearance." The twelfth and thirteenth centuries regarded light as the source and essence of all visual beauty. And the Gothic architect expressed this concept by narrowing aisles, chapels and ambulatories and piercing their walls, and those of the clerestory, with windows, so that the walls became transparent, and the windows provided a "luminous foil behind all tactile forms of the architectural system."

Harmonious proportion, not size, Professor von Simson tells us, was the guiding principle of the early Gothic cathedral builders. St. Augustine had taught that, to quote Professor von Simson, "only beauty can satisfy [reason in her search for the divine], in beauty figures, in figures proportion and in proportion number." To geometry, as to music, he assigned a high place among the liberal arts. And it was on geometry that the Gothic architect based his art.

The two examples which the author singles out as his supreme criteria are Abbot Suger's St. Denis and the Cathedral of Chartres. It is in the chapters on Chartres that the reader can most sympathetically follow him. For that mighty fabric, with its glorious stained glass windows and architectural sculptures, remains virtually as the master builder planned it; and anyone who has looked, awe-struck, upon it will be fascinated by the author's discussion of the mathematical secret of its austere and moving harmony.

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

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IN BRIEF

What I Think, by Adlai E. Stevenson. 240 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.00

The Greek proverb has it that cabbage thrice warmed-over would be the death of a man, but Liberals never weary of their standardized pap—not even when it is served out from the same old pot for the hundredth time. Mr. Stevenson has been cerebrating in public for so long and with such fidelity to the orthodox cant of his faction that no one, surely, will buy this book in the hope of surprising him in the act of thinking an original thought. His admirers, of course, will hasten to fill their plates with the familiar stew, compounded of platitudes and predigested sophistry. The rest of us have no need to learn from these pages that Mr. Stevenson believes, for example, that we have a sacred mission to shovel our money into every sink-hole, domestic or foreign, in which it can be lost with maximum damage to our moral integrity at home or to our prestige and power abroad. The fact that he is far more literate than most of his fellows makes him one of the clearest symptoms of the disease of the will that has so deeply infected our country—of the death-urge that, operating from the dark subliminal consciousness of our Leftist intellectuals, is driving us somnambulistically to the precipice over which nations disappear from history.

Pemmican, by Vardis Fisher. 319 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $3.95

Most novels of this genre, which mixes equal amounts of history, fighting, landscape and sex, read as though the authors had worked entirely from reference books, and maybe the legal fringes of their own prurience. Vardis Fisher is a substantial cut above them. He writes about woods, wild life, weather, and the lone but not lonely gratification of living on a frontier, with the precision that comes only from having been a reverent witness. When he describes, for instance, a buffalo stampede, a Canadian blizzard, or the less picturesque aspects of nomadic Indian life, he is convincing. Something, however — perhaps the professional writer with a signed contract—has constrained him to impose on this premium quality of reality a hero who is so tall, handsome, honorable, strong, sexy and chaste, that he sticks out as sorely as a torso scissored out of a comic book and pasted in the foreground of an unusually fine wild-life photograph. For any gourmet, "pemmican" is a cake, compounded of enough ingredients to awe Escoffier himself.

The Menninger Story, by Walker Winslow. 350 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company. $5.00

This biography of the three physicians, a father and his sons, who established one of the best known and most respected psychiatric clinics in the United States, is a competent but pedestrian piece of reporting. Like most professional and scholarly men, the Menningers had lives of comparatively even tenor and devoid of dramatic peripeties, and their biographer, who writes according to the journalistic convention and views everything from the outside, may not have had an opportunity to enter into their inner life or consider the philosophic aspects of their profession. He does not even venture a comment on the distinction between psychiatry, which is necessarily a part of medicine, and psychology, which is usually a form of pseudo-scientific fiction. The result is a dull book.

A Coat of Many Colours, by Herbert Read. 352 pp. New York: Horizon Press. $3.75

The short articles collected in this volume belong to the vanishing tradition of the informal essay. Though never profound, they are always perceptive and pleasant to read—if, in this grimly banausic age, it be not a sin to read for mere pleasure. Some of the pieces seem dated and almost archaic, but they serve to illustrate the futility of their author's effort to be resolutely "open minded" toward everything that advertises itself as modern.

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To the Editor

Mr. Kreuttner's Cartoons

Your issue of July 4 is one of the best I have received. The cartoons of John Kreuttner illustrate very forcibly his talent for drawing, imagination and clever ideas. I also think that his name in your list of Associates and Contributors does credit to your magazine.

A. WHEELER WOOLFOLK

New Orleans, La.

Advice to Conservatives

Let's be realistic and face the facts: Eisenhower is extremely popular with the electorate and votes are needed to win elections. If Republican conservatives would quit sulking in their corners tossing witty jabs at the Administration and instead get to work within the party, they could exert a profound influence on Republican official policy . . .

Frederick, Md. JOHN E. WILLSON

Corrections

In my letter, published by NATIONAL REVIEW, July 25, about Frank Meyer's article—*not* "the current turn in the Communist general line equates with the U.S. Communist Party's earlier . . . turn. . . ." What I wrote was: "The current turn etc. equates with the CPSU's earlier turn. . . ." CPSU is standard shorthand for Communist Party of the Soviet Union. I suppose that it was corrected to read "The U.S. Communist Party's" in the interest of clarity. . . .

A turn in the general line of the CPUSA would have been unthinkable without orders (usually cabled) from the CPSU. Hence a favorite Communist quip of the late 1920's: "The American Communist Party is suspended from Moscow cables."

Westminster, Md. WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

In condensing the last section of my "Letter from London," NATIONAL REVIEW, July 11, you have inadvertently altered the sense of what I wrote. May I, therefore, to remove any misunderstanding that may have arisen in the minds of my readers, make my meaning clear?

Whether the situation in Cyprus grows worse or not, Great Britain's use of the island as a base remains unchallenged. Even if her position on the island were to become untenable (and there is not the slightest reason why it should become so), it would not follow that she would "hold no strategic position between Aden and Malaya." Cyprus is in the Mediterranean and its future as a position has no bearing on the future of any position "between Aden and Malaya," that is to say, in the Indian Ocean.

If Great Britain loses her base in Ceylon (at the moment it looks as though she would continue to have "facilities" there), the defense of Malaya would not, thereby, become impossible. Great Britain has no intention of giving up Singapore as a base, and it is on Singapore that the defense of Malaya would mainly depend.

Bramley, Surrey F. A. VOIGT

"Siberia, U. S. A."

Miss Priscilla Buckley's breakdown of the Alaska Mental Health Bill [July 25] is a job that needed doing. I hope you will forgive me for saying that I think the tone of the article just a trifle *de haut en bas*. . . . I refer in particular to the loading of the term "dedicated," to imply fanaticism. It's a slight shock in an otherwise objective account . . .

Personally, I am grateful to these women who focused attention on this bill. . . . That the bill was improved is due to them, alone, and not to indifferent citizens who presume on the good will of its framers, but cannot predict its operation under others to come.

Wilmington, Del. MARTHA LARSON

. . . I want to compliment you on Miss Buckley's article. It was splendid and to the point. . . .

West Hartford, Conn. MARGARET HAYES

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW and to Miss Buckley for a sound reporting job. Her article clears up for the first time a confusing situation that has caused alarm to many good Americans.

Flushing, N.Y. MARIAN W. NABB

. . . NO MENTION MADE OF IDENTIFIED COMMUNIST AND PRO-SOVIET SYMPATHIZERS IN U.S. MENTAL HEALTH MOVEMENT WHOSE LOBBYING PRESSURES ARE IN FAVOR OF BILL. SHOULD WE BELIEVE THEY ARE SINCERELY INTERESTED IN ANY PATRIOT'S WELFARE?

Torrance, Cal. MRS. CLYDE HASLETT

. . . Your Alaskan article was swell! Miss Buckley has a fine grasp of situation and clear and interesting expression. . . .

Delaware, Ohio MRS. J. WALTER CRANOR

In weighing the so-called Alaskan Health Bill and finding it harmless, your writer misses the point. The objection to the bill is not on the grounds, primarily, of the cost, nor the administration, nor of the amount of acreage involved.

The primary objection is to the proposed methods of commitment. . . . I know of cases in enlightened New York where persons were physically taken from their homes, on the application of one relative, without any notice . . . and without any opportunity given to seek counsel, and confined for months in private mental institutions. This is being done under the law, as it now stands. . . .

. . . the people grow suspicious of any proposed law which would extend the power of the bureaucracy over their lives, or make their liberties subject to the whims of judicial interpretation as practiced in some quarters today. They know that regardless of what the bill's sponsors may say it means, what it actually means will be decided by the individual judge before whom it is tested. . . .

Mineola, N.Y. JAMES G. BLAKE

Miss Buckley's article seems inappropriate for a presumably conservative magazine. Forgetting her sarcastic reflections on sincere citizens who have a right to lobby against a

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proposed bill before Congress, her sense of capitalistic economics seems to be shaded with considerable Marxian nuances. The expenditure of $12.5 million over a period of ten years and an outright gift of one million acres of federal land plus (unmentioned in Miss Buckley's article) the expenditure of another "X" dollars per year for the upkeep of the proposed mental colossus can scarcely compete with the present nine hundred thousand annual expenditure for Alaska's 345 mental patients in an Oregon institution. . . .

MR. AND MRS. R. R. POPHAM
New York City

The commitment procedures which Mr. Blake finds objectionable were not discussed at length by Miss Buckley because, as she stated in her article, they were deleted from the bill as passed. As for the "outright gift" of one million acres of federal land, it was made in the expectation that revenues from it would provide the "X" dollars a year required for upkeep of Alaskan mental hospitals.

THE EDITORS

The Publisher's Report

. . . I must especially praise "A Report from the Publisher" in the August 1 issue. You hit hard but you hit truly and fairly, and surely there can be no excuse at this time for being soft, as the gliberal-liberals (who themselves delight in hitting hard) so insist that their opponents should be (not to mention the uniformity they love, in contrast to other people's "conformity"). I am confident that you do not need consolation, but you may readily take it from the fact that the bright boys would not scream so much if you hadn't drawn blood. . . .

Auburn, Ala. T. C. HOEPFNER

I'm writing to enter a subscription. I can't resist any longer, after tusseling for six months with the temptation! But Mr. Buckley's article—one of the most devastating bombardments the "eggheads" ever got—decided for me. . . .

REV. EDWARD J. KILLION
Greenwich, Conn.

I wish to extend my sincere and very best wishes to you on the completion of your first half-year of publishing your wonderful magazine. Your "Report from the Publisher" clearly showed that your "Failure . . . to live up to liberal expectations" has very definitely doomed you to success—thank God.

Amityville, N.Y. ALAN E. MAHER

. . . Your guerrilla war against the "liberals" fascinates me—but really, now, when you are defending yourself you should not give the impression of being ferociously insectivorous. Swat them—don't devour them alive. . . .

To qualify the "Special Supplement" [August 1] as remarkable is to understate history itself. I consider it to be a hair-raising addendum to Tchernavin's *I Speak for the Silent*, of more than twenty years ago. . . .

ROLLINS W. JAMES, JR.
Huntington, W. Va.

In reference to your "Report from the Publisher," I would like to voice another Liberal point of view. I feel it is unfortunate that Liberal criticism of NATIONAL REVIEW should be as specious and superficial as the criticisms you comment on.

I am a Truman Democrat and I read your magazine with the greatest interest. It seems to me that it presents the Conservative side in the most thoughtful way and on the highest level of competent journalism. I think you have done a great service by dissipating many of the emotional overtones of the Conservative-Liberal battle. . . .

I disagree with you thoroughly, but your NATIONAL REVIEW has given me a much clearer understanding of what conservatism is. . . .

MARY MONTGOMERY LANIGAN
Cambridge, Mass.

Liberals and the Farmer

I have read a number of issues of the REVIEW and it seems to me the writers do not fully credit the Liberals for virtuosity in manipulating economic blocs. . . .

The farmers have been financed into overproduction. . . . The producers of essential domestic products are being threatened and often put out of business with cheap foreign imports, and industry is more and more depending on the highly artificial war industries which are totally dependent on congressional appropriations. . . .

New York City RICHARD N. BORKLAND

FROM THE ACADEMY

(*Continued from p. 16*)

tionalists, the social reconstructionists, and the adjustment-school of educationists; but Babbitt and Chalmers and their allies have kept the notions of Dewey and Counts and Kilpatrick and that breed from sweeping everything before them. Their achievement is not to be measured merely by how much ground humane education has lost, but rather by how much ground it has retained despite the insensate tendency of the age.

Not every man is a fit champion of Truth, said old Sir Thomas Browne, whom Chalmers had read through and through; some, in their rashness, have charged the troops of Error and have fallen, in their vainglory, trophies unto the enemy. Gordon Chalmers, however, was a champion far more redoubtable than these gaillards. Temperate, prudent and steadfast, he left his mark upon Kenyon College, and upon higher education in all these United States. The blows he struck for Truth have told.

Irving Babbitt once suggested to his students that if they should employ his ideas and even his phrases in their work and their writing, they would do well not to acknowledge the source of their inspiration; for to quote from Irving Babbitt would be to invite a torrent of abuse sufficient to drown rising reputations. That, however, is true no longer, I think; and it is the courage of Chalmers, in some considerable part, which has kept the grass green upon Babbitt's grave. I hope that Chalmers' own students never will be afraid to quote Chalmers. His influence will be felt in subtle ways, but it will endure long. A scholar like Gordon Chalmers does not share the vaunting egoism of Pompey: he does not expect that legions will spring up where he stamps his foot. The work of the humane scholar of high talent, instead, resembles what the Apostle said of the seed—unless they die, they cannot quicken. The loss of Gordon Chalmers will not destroy the seeds of the mind which he had sown these two decades. His voice has been heard; there are those who will hearken still; "and somewhere, waiting for its birth, the shaft is in the stone."

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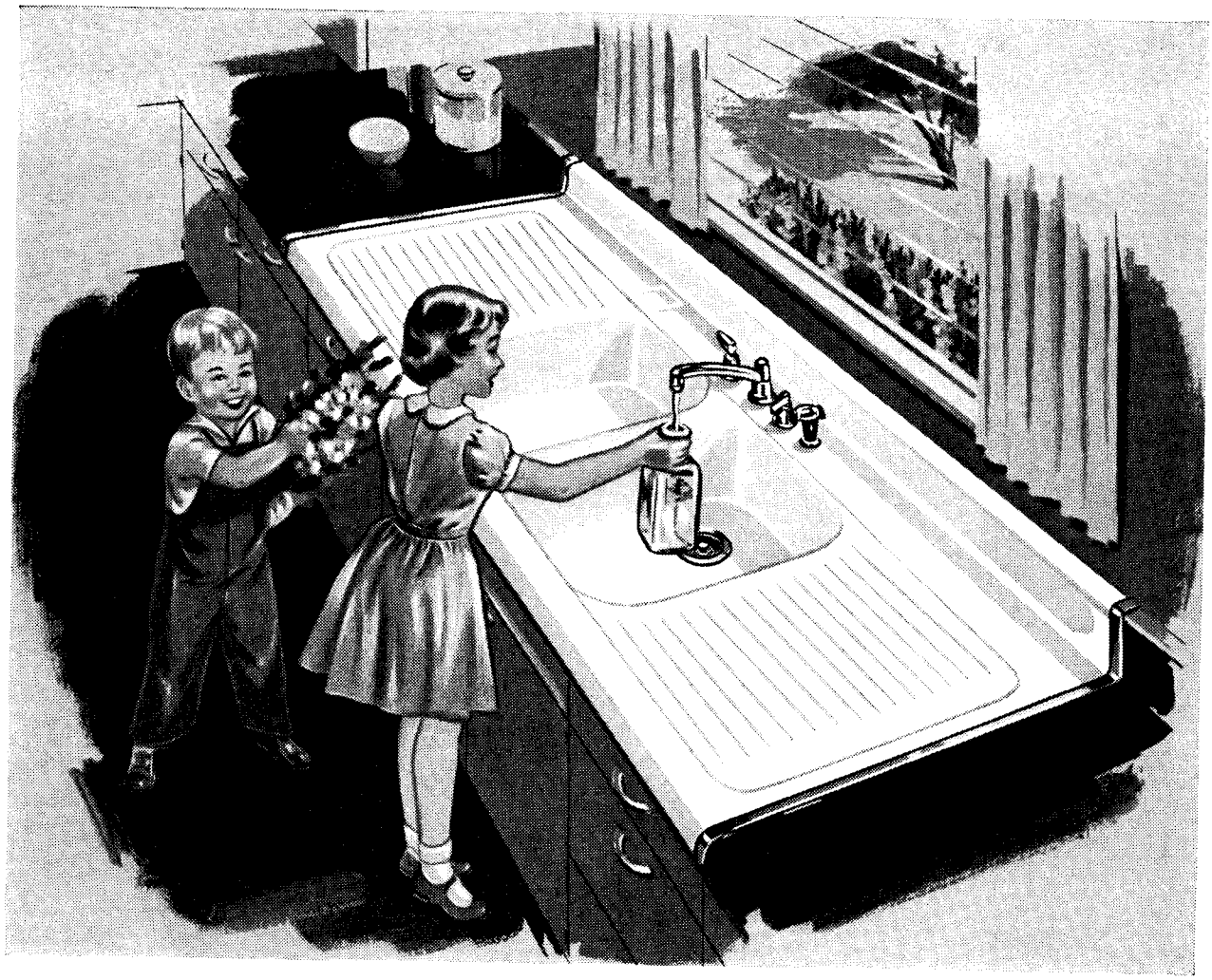

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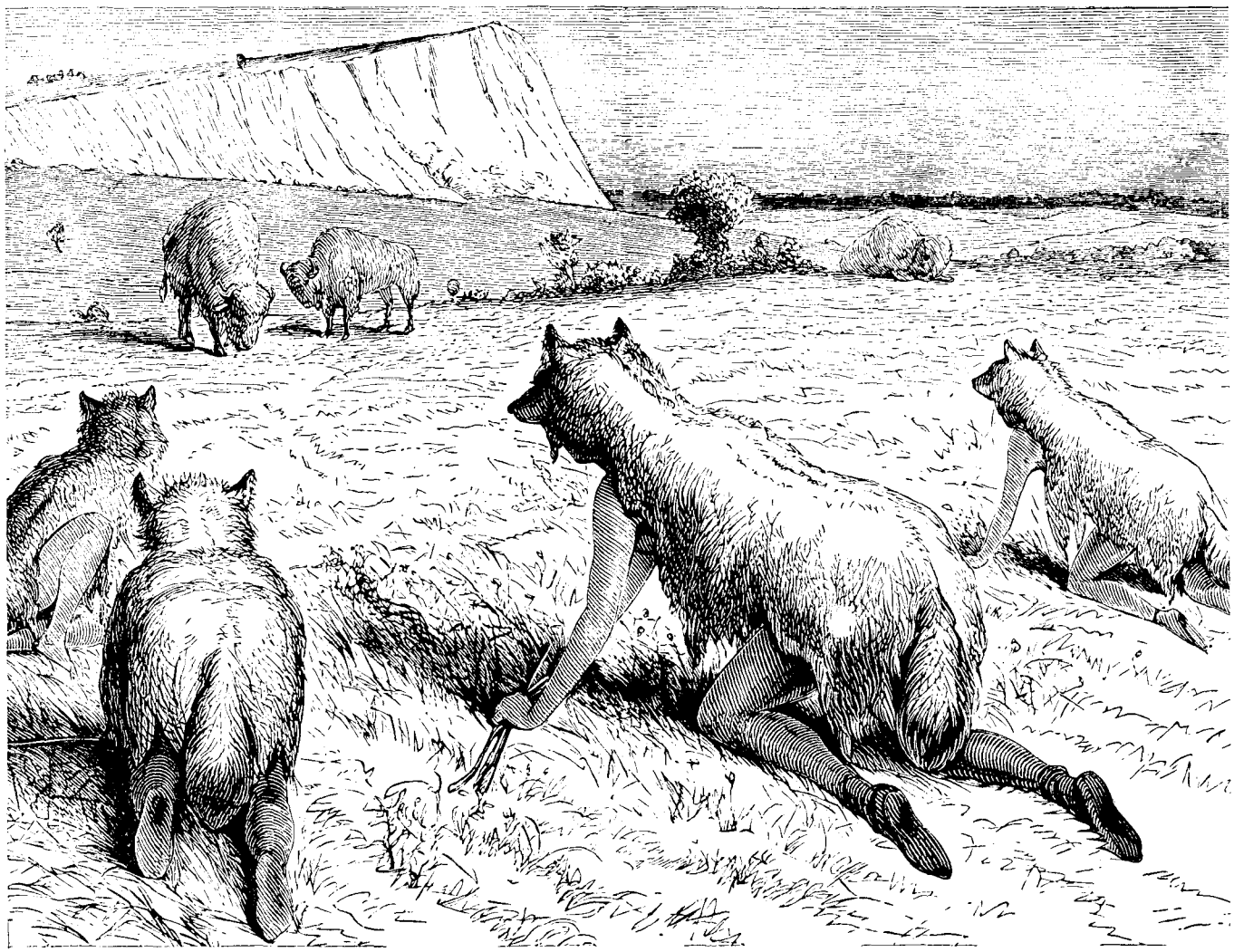

Are we being buffaloed?

THE buffalo are grazing contentedly. Savoring the short succulent range grass. A wary old bull raises his shaggy head to sniff the air for danger. Then, reassured that the wind carries no warnings, resumes his feeding.

But any warning system can fail. Riding up against the wind, camouflaged under wolf hides—Indians have already infiltrated the slow-moving herd. They separate the stragglers. Jockey them into position to send the critical arrows home.

For the main herd, larger tactics. Driving hard from the rear, Indians stampede the panicky animals. Herd them toward the precipice to plunge bellowing over the edge.

Infiltration and inciting panic are tactics as old as the struggle for life. But they often work. And our own enemies, the Communists, are trying them against us today. How can we combat them? By knowing our candidates for public office—and what they stand for. By being willing to assume positions of civic responsibility ourselves. By having informed minds to protect us from the unreasoning prejudice that leads to hysteria. By not allowing fear to stampede us into wrong action.

Communism has many disguises. If we understand it, assess it accurately—we can continue to combat it. It means an extra push—an extra ounce of effort from each of us. But it's a small price to pay for freedom.

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